

# Mediterranean Waters

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Sunny diamonds, yeah, yeah, Italian gold  
Mediterranean waters, these images are sold  
French beauties, crisp wine  
Chinese sun is rising, images of time...

I'm just trying, try  
Maybe someday I could fly  
Looking down at the cold cold city  
The calm cool skies  
And the bird are humming their rhymes  
And the creeps are planning their crimes  
The graffiti walls standing tall  
And the church is waiting for God's big sign

And the waxed up streets are skated on  
Everyone's crying their newest song  
My eye lens is spit on  
Waiting for that fire to burn

Light us up  
Light us up  
Wherever you are  
Gasoline and matches  
Lost my cloud  
My clear heaven stars  
Burns, bruises, scratches

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Maybe someday as I walk through the fog and trees  
I'll continue to fight  
There they stand with open arms  
Guiding me towards the perfect light  
Guiding me towards the perfect light  
Guiding me towards the perfect light

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(2x)

The church is waitin' for God's big sign...